

# Perryburg Journal.

## RELIGIOUS.

### An Interesting Conversation.

The weaker after religion sometimes thinks that mental suffering is necessary to command him to the favor of God. He feels that he is a sinner, and that he needs a Savior; but he has none of that anguish of mind of which he has heard in accounts of remarkable conversions, a period of which he sees no evidence in his own experience of God. Under this impression he spends weeks, perhaps months, seeking the horrors of conviction—pre-forming a sort of penance by which he expects to win ultimate divine favor. The error is discouraging and unnecessary. The Scriptures afford no incident of long and terrible conviction. It required but little conviction for the Israelites to look to the brazen serpent, and the brazen serpent was not even convicted and condemned on the day of Peccatum. The man was convicted and condemned during the preaching of Philip. Repent and be saved—turn from your sins and cast yourself on the mercy of God—is the direction of the Gospel. "Now is the accepted time," God wants repentance and faith, not terror of mind. "I want religion," said a peasant: "I have been brought up in it, but I have never been praying." asked a clergyman. "For conviction?" was the reply. "Do you not feel that you are a sinner?" "Yes, an unworthy sinner." "Then no more seek conviction, but cast your self at once on the mercy of God." The penitent was soon rejoicing in hope. The Holy Spirit sometimes shows the soul all its terrible depravity, and the full extent of its danger, and causes him to tremble with fear; but this does not lead all persons to God in the same way. It leads the willing, longing soul more readily than the soul that resists its influence.

Again: the young convert who has experienced no remarkable terrors of mind is often troubled in regard to the genuineness of his conversion, on hearing of acts of great conviction. Such trials are likewise most unscriptural. It would be well if God's truth could be taught converted, "God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." To yield to this temptation of discrediting God is ungrateful and sinful. God explicitly enjoins a childlike confidence of his children. If God leads us to him by the subduing influences of Calvary, instead of by the terrors of罚, we should be grateful rather than disturbed. The author of the present article is an excellent example of the religious experience of an excellent clergyman, which is an instance of this quiet kind of conversion of which but little is said or written.

He had been long thoughtful on religious subjects, though speculative, when the death of a very dear friend led him frequently to the throne of grace, and turned his thoughts to God. He had a strong desire to meet that friend in heaven, and this led him to the reading of those religions that taxed the ideas of the future realms of spirits. His religious readings and researches led him to contemplate the character of God as he is, and he quietly dismissed the congregation and attended a good while at the meetings of his friends and congregation. On a bright Sunday afternoon the able minister ostend his flock together in the hall of the church, and the remainder were kicked about as things of no value, but as relics of the past, and matters of little curiosity and interest. One day a leading party amised themselves in picking the nose of these saints, when one of them thought it would be a good idea to go to the cemetery of the dead. He did so, and the funerary with which it commenced, however, suggested to them that they did not worthy an omnious catastrophe from which to witness the final result. So they took a short recess, some over the bank, and others behind stumps. They paid off pretty badly, and had hardly reached their places of retreat before the shell exploded, manifesting a very destructive power. One piece struck Mr. Leavitt's house, some eight or ten rods distant, leaving an indentation that demanded the aid of the carpenter. Another struck a store nearer the place of explosion, with still more force, but no person was hurt. These were, according to my recollection, six-poudre shells and shell. I have spun out this communication to a greater length than I intended, and yet I have not related an incident of Williams county, experience, where I did not only pay the whole State tax of three dollars, but have lost a portion. Besides from the State treasurer's payment of Williams county, for wolves killed within the limits of the county during that year. Should the same events right I may relate that and some other events pertaining to the early settlement of Williams county, that have never yet appeared in any authentic history.

He went with many others excepting myself, and without any save exception. This appeared to me not only perfect joy and right, but easy also, and pleasant. I seemed to myself to have been hitherto the blindest and most ingrateful of creatures, who had never formed to myself such views of God before, who had neither loved nor obeyed him.

"From the moment, day my condition became better, and I began to feel the effects of God's grace, I began to have new views of God, of myself, of the vanity of earthly things, and of the insubstantial value of grace and divine commands. I had acquired new views of God, of myself, and of the infinite excellencies and perfections of his character, and of God's power and omnipotence, by which he had quickened me. Forces of divine wrath I had none; no dread of punishment. That I deserved it indeed, and was universally unworthy of his favor, I knew plainly; notwithstanding which I never for a moment supposed myself an object of divine wrath, or feared lest God should be angry with me. I was a subject on which anxiety, fear, doubt, had no place in me. A lively perception of the divine glory and beauty, and an unspeakable sense of his presence, an experimental acquaintance with the delight that belongs to an affectionate love to him—these things secured me from all such sorrows, and filled me with exceeding joy. In such a state of mind I could not doubt, that God had a special regard to me, and that in return for the fidelity, Uncle Ben should reward the muse.

All went well with the family, and without any save exception. This appeared to me not only perfect joy and right, but easy also, and pleasant. I seemed to myself to have been hitherto the blindest and most ingrateful of creatures, who had never formed to myself such views of God before, who had neither loved nor obeyed him.

The subsequent life of the convert showed that this was a case of true conversion. Yet it was not a case of sudden conversion, but simply by constant applications that appeal to his love of the character of God, and the only way of saving and keeping a being so beneficent. To those troubled in regard to conversion, the lesson is useful and instructive.

### BETTERWORLD.

**WHERE IS YOUR BOY!**  
We saw him last, late in the company of very bad boys, and each had a club, and was armed with stones. They made very poor weapons. As we looked at your son we wondered if you knew where he was, and with whom he associates. Dear father, do you not closely confide to your children, helpers and supporters, that your son will bring sorrow into your home if you do not bring proper parental restraint to bear upon him—and that very soon. Sabbath and public schools of teachers can help you, but you must do most.

### ANECDOTES.

**Ye Editor Goeth a Fishing.**  
We had been talking of it for some days. Finally we went. To go fishing properly prepared requires nice discriminating powers, and we go 'em. You require a fishing rod, line, hook, bobbin and sinker, and a pair of fine pliers and tools. We had Bobbs and our favorite pair of "Eels & Biscorn" (that's French) and were happy. We determined to make the fish suffer, so we knew there to be a scaly set, and we did—or else we didn't.

We went up to the State Dam, (unseen locality) and gently clided into a seat on the back of a log. Bobbs had a notion, and was watching nonchalantly. We dropped him into the river, and expecting a big, hon, broad back to pull out a catch that should weigh ten pounds, at least. After sitting quiet about an hour and half, and getting very hot, we took a look at the landscape; being now fatigued, we made a teleseus of our flask, it gave spirit to the view. Bobbs took a look at the plough and laying down on the bank went to sleep. A raven flew by, and then followed. He began to sleep in the most tried fashion. He had been known to sleep even in church. Nans bite yet.

In about two hours a small boy, with a very shock head, and with a piece of twine on which was a bent pin, fastened to a tree branch, came and sat beside us as in indulge in fishing. We had the greatest admiration for boys; for who else tell us the first stories of our childhood? We did a good deal for them, and that too, I was told, in an undressed condition. They brought this sugar in, in bark vessels called "Meccos," holding from thirty to fifty pounds each. They were shaped so as to be carried like a knapsack. They used small brass kettles for evaporation. These Indians also brought in most of the honey that was used. It was always strained, but it was strained through their blankets, which were never washed, except after straining this honey. Whether these condiments so

prepared were more or less filthy than the sugar and molasses prepared by Southern slaves, I leave for others to determine. The Indians also supplied us in their season with cranberries and whortleberries, both of which were abundant and cheap. I do not know to this day where they grew. But the savages have been gone more than twenty-five years, and the fourteen counties containing in 1824 twenty thousand whites, have multiplied to nearly four hundred thousand. Though I was thus early a resident of Williams county, I have never been within its present limits. Of its early settlers, I remember in addition to the names already mentioned, Montgomery, Prairie River, Judge Perkins, the two older men, Judge and Mrs. Clark, Mr. Myers, Mr. Myers, and an old man named Myers, who was drowned in April, 1827, in a little bayou, in a state of intoxication. Judge Samuel Vandeau and Mr. Charles Gunn also resided within the judicial limits of Williams county, at Prairie du Mask. So did the half-blood Mohican, who was afterward hung at Perryburg for the murder of Isaac Richardson. His name was Porter.

We had to restrain our rath or kill the boy. We restrained. We pulled up our hook, killed the frog and felt better. Just after putting on a fresh hook, and while the boy was squatting down digging worms, we gave him one a tug, drew over our head, intending to get it out to deep water away from the shore. The boy, however, had got it stuck in his mouth, and so tight, he had to cut it out. After cutting his boy off our hook, he took a big look at the sun and expressed himself satisfied. After catching a dogfish, of no earthenware, we started home. We append a tubular statement of our luck fishing:

Shad..... .00  
Whales..... .00  
Heron..... .00  
Pike..... .00  
Dolphin..... .00  
Cichlid..... .00  
Bull..... .00  
Total..... 2

### CONTRABANDIANA.

The Foreign Monitor correspondent of the Philadelphia *Liberator*, says every reader of the *Liberator* will find an interest in the contrabands, and which we have nearly five thousand here at present, and I may therefore be permitted to relate a few anecdotes of them, illustrative of their character.

There is a decent old colored man at Camp Hill who acts as a pre-cher or paster to several hundred of his fellow contrabands. Some weeks since the Government overruled "Uncle Peter" with a house of cards, and the slaves were kicked about as though they still had power. When the British, who had a fort here in the war of 1812, excavated the foundations, they did it hastly and having no means to convey their heavy stores to Fort Moultrie, they threw some of their cannon balls, and gun-carriages into the river. The cannon are, I suppose, still there, at Duffee, still standing near the Anglesea a large spacious blockhouse, erected during the winter of 1812, and won by the American forces, and the British I have forgotten. It was in December, 1812, and the fort was built of wood and adjoining country, "60' x 12' and 10' high." There were kicking about the camp sandy empty bombshells, and a few canon balls, which have a history to record. When the British, who had a fort here in the war of 1812, excavated the foundations, they did it hastly and having no means to convey their heavy stores to Fort Moultrie, they threw some of their cannon balls, and gun-carriages into the river. The cannon are, I suppose, still there, at Duffee, still standing near the Anglesea a large spacious blockhouse, erected during the winter of 1812, and won by the American forces, and the British I have forgotten. It was in December, 1812, and the fort was built of wood and adjoining country, "60' x 12' and 10' high."

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